

## GO AND TELL JESUS.

### DR. TALMAGE'S ADVICE TO ALL WHO ARE IN TROUBLE.

At No Period of a Man's Life Is He Freer From Temptation—All Who Live Godly In Christ Must Suffer Persecution.

BROOKLYN, May 8.—At the Tabernacle this morning the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., gave notice of the annual pilgrimage of his congregation, which this year will be to Martha's Vineyard, Mass. It will begin July 1 and end July 7. Dr. Talmage will preach at Martha's Vineyard on July 3, and deliver an oration on the Fourth. The congregational singing at the Tabernacle is led by a cornet and organ. A boy choir chants twice during the service. The hymn sung by the congregation this morning begins:

Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear,  
It is not night if Thou be near.

Dr. Talmage's text was: "And his disciples went and told Jesus"—Matthew xiv, 12. He said:

An outrageous assassination had just taken place. To appease a revengeful woman, King Herod ordered the death of that noble, self-sacrificing Christian John the Baptist. The group of the disciples were thrown into grief and dismay. They felt themselves utterly defenseless. There was no authority to which they could appeal, and yet grief must always find expression. If there be no human ear to hear it, then the agonized soul will cry it aloud to the winds and the woods and the waters. But there was an ear that was willing to listen. There is a tender pathos, and at the same time a most admirable picture, in the words of my text: "They went and told Jesus." He could understand all their grief, and he immediately soothed it. Our burdens are not more than half so heavy to carry if another is thrust under the other end of them. Here we find Christ, his brow shadowed with grief, standing amid the group of disciples, who, with tears and violent gesticulations and wringing of hands and outcry of bereavement, are expressing their grief. Raphael, with his skillful brush putting upon the wall of a palace some scene of sacred story, gave not so skillful a stroke as when the plain hand of the evangelist writes: "They went and told Jesus."

The old Goths and Vandals came down upon Italy from the north of Europe, and they upset the gardens, and they broke down the altars and swept away everything that was good and beautiful. So there is ever and anon in the history of all the sons and daughters of our race an incursion of rough handed troubles that come to plunder and ransack and put to the torch all that men highly prize. There is no cave so deeply cleft into the mountains as to allow us shelter, and the foot of the feeblest coward cannot bear us beyond the quick pursuit. The arrows they put to the string fly with unerring dart, until we fall pierced and stunned.

I feel that I bring to you a most appropriate message. I mean to bind up all your griefs into a bundle and set them on fire with a spark from God's altar. The same prescription that cured the sorrow of the disciples will cure all your heartaches. I have read that when Godfrey and his army marched out to capture Jerusalem, as they came over the hills, at the first flash of the plumes of that beautiful city, the army that had marched in silence lifted a shout that made the earth tremble. Oh, you soldiers of Jesus Christ, marching on toward heaven, I would that to-day, by some gleam from the palace of God's mercy and God's strength you might be lifted into great rejoicing, and that before the service is ended you might raise one glad hosanna to the Lord.

In the first place, I commend the behavior of these disciples to all those in this audience who are sinful and unpardoned. There comes a time in almost every man's history when he feels from some source that he has an erring nature. The thought may not have such heft as to tell him. It may be only like the flash in an evening cloud just after a very hot summer day. One man to get rid of that impression will go to prayer; another will stimulate himself by ardent spirits, and another man will go deeper in secularities. But sometimes a man cannot get the dark impressions. The fact is, when a man finds out that his eternity is poised upon a perfect uncertainty, and that the next moment his foot may slip, he must do something violent to make himself forget where he stands, or else fly for refuge.

If there are any here who have resolved that they would rather die of this awful cancer of sin than to have the heavenly surgeon cut it out, let me say, my dear brother, you mingle for yourself a bitter cup. You fly in the face of your everlasting interests. You crouch under a yoke and you bite the dust, when, this moment, you might rise up a crowned conqueror. Driven and perplexed and harassed as you have been by sin, go and tell Jesus. To relax the grip of death from your soul and plant your unshaken feet upon the golden throne Christ let the tortures of the bloody martyr transfuse him. With the beam of his own cross he will break down the door of your dungeon. From the thorns of his own crown he will pick enough gems to make your brow blaze with eternal victory. In every tear on his wet cheek, in every mark of his side, in every low, blackening gash of laceration from shoulder to shoulder, in the grave shattering, heaven storming death groan, I hear him say: "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out."

"Oh," but you say, "instead of curing my wound you want to make another wound, namely, that of conviction!" Have you never known a surgeon to come and find a chronic disease, and then with sharp caustic burn it all out? So the grace of God comes to the old case of sin. It has long been rankling there, but by divine grace it is burned out through these fires of conviction, "the flesh coming again as the flesh of a little child;" "where sin abounded, grace much more abounded." With the 10,000 unpardoned sins of your life, go and tell Jesus. You will never get rid of your sins in any other way; and remember that the broad invitation which I extend to you will not always be extended.

King Alfred, before modern timepieces were invented, used to divide the day into three parts—eight hours each—and then had three wax candles. By the time the first candle had burned to the socket eight hours had gone, and when the second candle had burned to the socket another eight hours had gone, and when all the three candles were gone out then the day had passed. Oh, that some of us, instead of calculating our days and nights and years by any earthly timepieces, might calculate them by the number of opportunities and mercies which are burning down and burning out, never to be relighted, lest at last we be amid the foolish virgins who cried: "Our lamps have gone out!"

Again I commend the behavior of the disciples to all who are tempted. I have heard men in mid life say they had never been led into temptation. If you have not felt temptation it is because you have not tried to do right. A man hopped and handcuffed, as long as he lies quietly, does not test the power of the chain; but when he rises up and with determination resolves to snap the

handcuff or break the hobbles, then he finds the power of the iron. And there are men who have been for ten and twenty and thirty years bound hand and foot by evil habits who have never felt the power of the chain because they have never tried to break it. It is very easy to go on down with the stream and with the wind, lying on your oars; but just turn around and try to go against the wind and the tide and you will find it a different matter. As long as we go down the current of our evil habit we seem to get along quite smoothly, but if after a while we turn around and head the other way, toward Christ and pardon and heaven, oh, then how we have to lay to the oars! You all have your temptations. You have one kind, you another, you another, not one person escaping.

It is all folly for you to say to some one: "I could not be tempted as you are." The lion thinks it is so strange that the fish should be caught with a hook. The fish thinks it is so strange that the lion should be caught with a trap. You see some man with a cold, phlegmatic temperament, and you say: "I suppose that man has not any temptation."

Yes, as much as you have. In his phlegmatic nature he has a temptation to indolence and to a life of ease and drinking; a temptation to ignore the great work of life; a temptation to lay down an obstacle in the way of all good enterprises. The temptations decide the styles of temptation; but sanguine or lymphatic, you will have temptation. Satan has a grappling hook just fitted for your soul. A man never lives beyond the reach of temptation. You say when a man gets to be 70 or 80 years of age he is safe from all Satanic assault. You are very much mistaken. A man at 85 years of age has as many temptations as a man at 25. They are only different styles of temptation.

Ask the aged Christian whether he is never assaulted of the powers of darkness. If you think you have conquered the power of temptation, you are very much mistaken. A man who wanted a throne pretended he was very weak and sickly, and if he was elevated he would soon be gone. He crawled upon his crutches to the throne, and having attained it he was strong again. He said: "It was well for me while I was looking for the scepter of another that I should stoop, but now that I have found it, why should I stoop any longer?" and he threw away his crutches and was well again.

How illustrative of the power of temptation! think it is a weak and crippled influence; but give it a chance, and it will be a tyrant in your soul, it will grind you to atoms. No man has finally and forever overcome temptation until he has left the world. But what are you to do with these temptations? Tell everybody about them! Ah, what a silly man you would be! As well might a commander in a fort send word to the enemy which gate of the castle is least barred as for you to go and tell what all your frailties are and what your temptations are. The world will only caricature you, and you will only scoff at yourself. What then must a man do? When the wave strikes him with terrific dash shall he have nothing to hold on to? In this contest with "the world, the flesh and the devil" shall a man have no help, no counsel?

Our text intimates something different. In those eyes that wept with the Bethany sisters I see shining hope. In that voice which spake unto the grave broke and the widow of Nain had back her lost son, and the sea slept, and sorrow stupor woke up in the arms of rapture—in that voice I hear the command and the promise: "Cast thy burden on the Lord, and he will sustain thee." Why should you carry your burdens any longer? Oh, you weary soul, Christ has been in this conflict. He says: "My grace shall be sufficient for you. You shall not be tempted above that you are able to bear." Therefore, with all your temptations, go as these disciples did, and tell Jesus.

Again I commend the behavior of the disciples to all those who are abused and slandered and persecuted. When Herod put John to death, the disciples knew that their own heads were not safe. And do you know that every John has a Herod? There are persons in life who do not wish you very well. Your misfortunes are homebodies to them. Through their teeth they hiss at you, misinterpret your motives and would be glad to see you upset. No man gets through life without having a pummeling. Some slander comes after you, horned and hooped, to gore and trample you; and what are you to do? I tell you plainly that all who serve Christ must suffer persecution. It is the worst sign in the world for you to be able to say: "I haven't an enemy in the world." A woe is pronounced in the Bible against the one of whom everybody speaks well. If you are at peace with all the world, and everybody likes you and approves your work, it is because you are an idler in the Lord's vineyard, and are not doing your duty.

Those who have served Christ, however eminent, have been maltreated at some stage of their experience. You know it was so in the time of George Whitfield, when he stood and invited men into the kingdom of God. What did the learned Dr. Johnson say to him? He pronounced him a miserable mountebank. How was it when Robert Hall stood and spoke as scarcely any uninspired man ever did speak of the glories of heaven? And as he stood Sabbath after Sabbath preaching on these themes his face kindled with the glory. John Foster, a Christian man, said of this man: "Robert Hall is only acting, and the smile on his face is a reflection of his vanity." John Wesley turned all England upside down with Christian reform, and yet the punsters were after him, and the meanest jokes in England were perpetrated about John Wesley. What is true of the pulpit is true of the pew; it is true of the street, it is true of the shop and the store. All who will live godly in Christ Jesus must suffer persecution.

I set it down as the very worst sign in all your Christian experience, if you are, any day, at peace with all the world. The religion of Christ is war. It is a challenge to "the world, the flesh and the devil;" and if you will buckle on the whole armor of God you will find a great host disputing your path between this and heaven. But what are you to do when you are assaulted and slandered and abused, as I suppose nearly all of you have been in your life? Go out and hunt up the slanderer! Oh, no, silly man; while you are explaining away a falsehood in one place, fifty people will just have heard of it in other places.

I counsel you to another course. While you are not to omit any opportunity of setting yourselves right, I want to tell you this morning of one who had the hardest things said about him, whose sobriety was disputed, whose mission was scouted, whose companionship was denounced, who was pursued as a babe and spit upon as a man, who was howled at after he was dead. I will have you go unto him with your bruised soul, in some humble, child prayer, saying: "I see thy wounds—wounds of head, wounds of feet, wounds of heart. Now, look at my wounds, and see what I have suffered, and through what battles I am going; and I entreat thee, by those wounds of thine, sympathize with me." And he will sympathize, and he will help. Go and tell Jesus!

Again I commend the behavior of the disciples to all who may have been bereaved. How many in garb of mourning! If you could stand at this point where I am standing and look off this audience, how many

signals of sorrow you would behold. God has his own way of taking apart a family. We must get out of the way for coming generations. We must get off the stage that others may come on, and for this reason there is a long procession reaching down all the time into the valley of shadows.

This emigration from time into eternity is so vast an enterprise that we cannot understand it. Every hour we hear the clang of the sepulchral gate. The soil must be broken. The ground must be plowed for resurrection harvest. Eternity must be peopled. The dust must press our eyelids. "It is appointed unto all men once to die." This emigration from time into eternity keeps three-fourths of the families of the earth in desolation. The air is rent with farewells and the black tattered vehicles of death rumble through every street.

The body of the child that was folded so closely to the mother's heart is put away in the cold and the darkness. The laughter freezes to the girl's lip as the rose scatters. The boy in the harvest field of Shiloh says: "My head! my head!" and they carry him home to die on the lap of his mother. Widowhood stands with tragedies of woe struck into the pallor of the cheek. Orphanage cries in vain for father and mother. Oh, the grave is vain! With teeth of stone, it clutches for its prey. Between the closing gates of the sepulcher our hearts are mangled and crushed. Is there any earthly solace?

None. We come to the obsequies, we sit with the grief-stricken, we talk pathetically to their soul; but soon the obsequies have passed, the carriages have left us at the door, the friends who stayed for a few days have gone, and the heart sits in desolation listening for the little feet that will never again patter through the hall, or looking for the entrance of those who will never come again—sighing into the darkness—ever and anon coming across some book or garment, or little shoe or picture, that arouses former association, almost killing the heart.

Long days and nights of suffering that wear out the spirit and expunge the bright lines of life, and give haggardness to the face, and draw dark lines down over the cheek bone, and draw dark lines under the sunken eyes, and the hand is tremulous, and the voice is husky and uncertain, and the grief is wearing, grinding, accumulating, exhausting.

Now, what are such to do? Are they merely to look up into a brazen and un pitying heaven? Are they to walk a blasted heath unfed of stream, unsheltered by overarching tree? Has God turned us out on the barren common to die? Oh, no! no! He has not. He comes with sympathy and kindness and love. He understands all our grief. He sees the height and the depth and the length and the breadth of it. He is the only one that can fully sympathize. Go and tell Jesus. Sometimes when we have trouble we go to our friends and we explain it, and they try to sympathize; but they do not understand it. They cannot understand it. But Christ sees all over it, and all through it. He not only counts the tears and records the groans, but before the tears started, before the groans began, Christ saw the inmost hiding place of your sorrow; and he takes it, and he weighs it, and he measures it, and he pities it with an all absorbing pity. Bone of our bone. Flesh of our flesh. Heart of our heart. Sorrow of our sorrow.

As long as he remembers Lazarus' grave he will stand by you in the cemetery. As long as he remembers his own heartbreak he will stand by you in the location of your affliction. When he forgets the footstep of the sleeper, the weary body, the exhausted mind, the awful cross, the solemn grave, then he will forget you; but not until then.

Often when we were in trouble we sent for our friends; but they were far away, they could not get to us. We wrote to them: "Come right away," or telegraphed: "Take the next train." They came at last, yet we were a great while in coming, or perhaps we were too late. But Christ is always near—before you, behind you, within you. No mother ever threw her arms around her child with such warmth and ecstasy of affection as Christ has shown toward you. Close at hand—nearer than the staff upon which you lean, nearer than the cup which you put to your lips, nearer than the handkerchief with which you wipe away your tears—I preach him an ever present, ever sympathizing, compassionate Jesus. How can you stay away one moment from him with your griefs? Go now. Go and tell Jesus.

It is often that our friends have no power to relieve us. They would very much like to do it; but they cannot disentangle our finances, they cannot cure our sickness and raise our dead; but glory be to God that he to whom the disciples went has all power in heaven and on earth, and at our call he will talk our calamities, and, at just the right time, in the presence of an applauding earth and a rescuing heaven, will raise our dead. He will do it. He is mightier than Herod. He is swifter than the storm. He is greater than the sea. He is vaster than eternity. And every sword of God's omnipotence will leap from its scabbard, and all the resources of infinity be exhausted, rather than that God's child shall not be delivered when he cries to him for rescue.

Suppose your child was in trouble, how would you endure to get him out? You would go through any hardship. You would say: "I don't care what it will cost. I must get him out of that prison."

Do you think God is not so good a father as you? Seeing you are in trouble, and having all power, will he not stretch out his arm and deliver you? He will. He is mighty to save. He can level the mountain and divide the sea, and can extinguish the fire and save the soul. Not dim of eye, not weak of arm, not feeble of resources, but with all eternity and the universe at his feet. Go and tell Jesus. Will you? Ye whose cheeks are wet with the new dew of the grave; ye who cannot look up; ye whose hearts are dried with the breath of a sorrow; in the name of the religion of Jesus Christ, which lifts every burden and wipes away every tear and delivers every captive and lightens every darkness, I implore you now go and tell Jesus.

A little child went with her father, a sea captain, to sea, and when the first storm came the little child was very much frightened, and in the night rushed out of the cabin and said: "Where is father? Where is father?" Then they told her: "Father is on deck guiding the vessel and watching the storm." The little child immediately returned to her berth and said: "It's all right for father's on deck." Oh, ye who are tossed and driven in this world, up by the mountains and down by the valleys, and at your wits' end, I want you to know the Lord God is guiding the ship. Your Father is on deck. He will bring you through the darkness into the harbor. Trust in the Lord. Go and tell Jesus. Let me say that if you do not you will have no comfort here, and you will forever be an outcast and a wanderer. Your death will be a sorrow. Your eternity will be a disaster.

But if you go to him for pardon and sympathy, all is well. Everything will brighten up, and joy will come to the heart and sorrow will depart; your sins will be forgiven and your feet will touch the upward path; and the shining messengers that report above what is done here will tell it until the great arches of God resound with the glad tidings, if now, with contrition and full trustfulness of soul, you will only go and tell Jesus.

But I am oppressed, when I look over this audience, at the prospect that some may not

take this counsel, and go away unblest. I cannot help asking what will be the destiny of these people? So I never care whether it comes into the text or not; I never leave my place on this platform without telling them that now is the accepted time, and to some, perhaps, the last time.

Xerxes looked off on his army. There were 3,000,000 men—perhaps the finest army ever marshaled. Xerxes rode along the lines, reviewed them, came back, stood on some high point, looked off upon the 3,000,000 men and burst into tears. At that moment, when every one supposed he would be in the greatest exultation, he broke down in grief. They asked him why he wept. "Ah," he said, "I weep at the thought that so soon all this host will be dead." So I stand looking off upon this host of immortal men and women and realize the fact, as perhaps no man can, unless he has been in similar position, that soon the places which know you now will know you no more, and you will be gone—whither? whither? There is a stirring idea which the poet put in very peculiar verse when he said:

"Not for man to trifle; life is brief,  
And this is here;  
Our age is but the falling of a leaf—  
A dropping tear.  
Not many lives, but only one have we—  
One, only one;  
How sacred should that one life ever be—  
That narrow span."

### MORE PROFITABLE THAN COTTON.

A Comparatively New Textile Fabric That Has Been Introduced.

Rewards aggregating \$50,000 have been offered for the past few years by various foreign governments, particularly the English, French and Chinese, to the man that could invent a machine that would spin raimine into yarn. Raimine is often called Chinese grass. It grows about four feet high. It is a perennial plant, and throws out numerous stems as thick as the little finger. The fiber of the inner bark is the useful portion and can be removed when the stems are dried. By rubbing the stems in the hand the bark peels off and leaves this fibrous matter, which is very strong, in appearance greatly resembling silk. For many years the Chinese have been spinning this fiber and weaving it by hand. It makes a durable fabric, not unlike silk and linen in texture. In France and England it is used to mix with and add stability to silk.

A Frenchman has recently invented a machine to take the place of hand work. A large factory is now being built on the Hudson river, which will be used for this purpose. After the yarns are made they can be put on any loom and made into all kinds of fabric. Raimine in its raw state is much stronger than Russian hemp and it is impossible to break it by using any ordinary force. When manufactured it can be used in almost any material. Raimine was first introduced into this country in 1867 in the botanical gardens at Washington. It was grown in Jamaica in 1854. It is easier to raise than cotton, and three crops can be obtained each year. It can be raised from seed. India, Egypt and China are best suited for raising raimine. It sells in the raw state at about seven cents a pound or a little cheaper than cotton, but more money can be made out of raimine, because it requires less attention and realizes in larger quantities. —New York Mail and Express.

### A Clever Newfoundland Dog.

Rattlingly rattled, rattlingly rattled, the street clattered a tin can tied to the tail of a poor, frightened and frightened dog! A crowd of boys followed at the runaway's heels, with cries and shouts, increasing alike his terror and his speed, until at last he had distanced his pursuers, but not, alas! that horribly noisy thing that clattered and rattled at his heels. Thoroughly tired and thoroughly terrified, the poor dog looked to right and left as he ran for help or shelter. At length he spied at the corner of a cross street, not far away, a large, friendly looking Newfoundland dog. With piteous cries and an imploring look the exhausted dog dragged himself and his noisy appendage to the Newfoundland and looked to him for help. Nor was his appeal unheeded, for the Newfoundland seemed to appreciate the position and at once showed himself to be a generous dog. A patient kneeling at the string finally released the can, and then, lifting it in the air, the Newfoundland flung it from him with a triumphant shout, and the noisy appendage of the poor dog was rid of his cramping burden—thankful to be rid of the troublesome burden which his human tormentors had inflicted upon him. —St. Nicholas.

### Buffalo Bill in England.

Buffalo Bill, in going to England, deviated from the usual custom of less illustrious travelers. Instead of putting himself at once into the hands of London's tailor, Poole, as soon as he arrived, he chose to supply himself with a liberal outfit in America, and he landed on the other side with any amount of "store clothes." One suit, in which he intends to pay his respects to the queen, is of dark gray; another, in which he will appear at the queen's jubilee as Nebraska's representative, is one shade of blue, while a gorgeous hunting costume, which, perhaps, will be seen in Windsor forest, consists of blue corduroy jacket, gray corduroy trousers and scarlet and brown waistcoat. —New York Sun.

### Unmelodious and Unmusical.

The tendency of Germans to exchange unmelodious Teutonic names for equally unmelodious English patronymics is on the increase. Several signs on Broadway business places, bearing the names of Heinenrich, Morgenstern, Hammelschlag, etc., is proof of this weakness. Himmelreich and Morgenstern are not exactly harmonious names, but from people unversed in the German tongue they come to the ears of the English as words of unknown significance. Done, into English they do not sound well, and they look absurd.

### A Trick of War.

Le Paris says that the German drummers and trumpeters are practicing the French beats and calls, in order to deceive their enemies in battle. It also says that in many engagements in the war of 1870 the command to cease firing was often given to the French infantry by German buglers; and that the command to halt sounded by the same buglers often stopped a charge of French cavalry, and placed them in a position where they could be mowed down. —New York Sun.

### After Twenty-five Years.

Twenty-five years ago Albert Ellis, of Windsor, filled up a clay pipe for a good smoke. He used only half of the contents, for on the next day he went to the war. He survived and came home, but did not finish that smoke until a few days ago, when he happened to find the old pipe, partly empty, just as he had left it. —Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

### A Financial Success.

Mrs. Berry was hanged, not long ago, in Oldham, England, for the murder of her daughter. Recently an auction sale of her effects was held. The result was a great financial success. The weird interest attaching to a murderer's relics added an unwonted value to her belongings. A ball dress brought \$18.

## WHAT SHALL WE WEAR?

### WORTH'S LATEST CREATION IN WEDDING DRESSES.

Two Attractive Illustrations in Little Girls' Dresses—New Patterns Introduced by Fashionable Modistes in Sleeves for Summer Dresses.

Sleeves to the new dresses afford a comfortable change from the tight fitting coat sleeves that has prevailed several seasons. While the coat sleeve continues to be used for cloth dresses, it is made now sufficiently loose to permit of the wearer's bending and using her arms with freedom.



SLEEVES FOR SUMMER DRESSES.

In summer fabrics dress sleeves are made in many instances quite dressy, and show more trimming than is admissible on a plain coat sleeve. The designs in the illustration here shown give two pleasing patterns that may be copied by any lady reader. In one figure is represented a sleeve made of figured muslin and trimmed with bands and bows of ribbon. The other figure shows a sleeve of cashmere with trimmings of velvet and silver buttons.

### Wedding Dresses.

Ivory white satin and faille française are equally fashionable for wedding dresses this season. No bride is considered too young to wear satin, yet lustrous corded silk makes a more youthful looking gown. The old fashioned heavy gros grain is also used again. The Pompadour basque, with square neck and elbow sleeves, is revived, and rivals the V-necked corsage, being especially suitable for dresses worn at church weddings in the daytime. Tulle wrought with seed pearls for neck, half skirt and family lace draped down front drapery and family lace draped down each side are on Worth's latest creation for an American bride. The train is of great length, very full and bouffant, but straight and without trimming on the ends. Rovers covered with pearls are next the square open neck, and form cuffs on the sleeves. A ruffled silk gown for a young bride has a tablier front of pearl fringe with netted beading and long separate strands reaching from the waist to the foot. A satin gown for a very young bride has a pointed waist with V neck, half skirt and a straight train with its fullness widely shirred on the shoulders.

Brides who object to artificial flowers omit them altogether, using some pearl passementerie and separate ornaments for draping the lace or tulle; the bouquet for the corsage is also dispensed with, though a spray of natural orange blossoms is added there and in the coiffure. The veil, whether of tulle or of lace, is fastened with the many jeweled pins which are now favorite wedding gifts. A prayer book bound in vellum or in old silver is sometimes carried in the hand instead of a bouquet, and high church brides approach the altar without gloves. —Harper's Bazar.

### Surplice Plaiting.

Skirts plaited surplice fashion will be fashionable this summer, and dresses of light woollen material, such as valuing barege, etamine and very fine French cashmere, are made thus, the plaited skirt falling over an under one of some light silk, taffetas or foulard. It is pretty to have a tight fitting jacket made of the silk, and opening with square facings over a chemise plaited like the upper skirt, and of the same material. But if a bodice of the fancy woollen fabric is preferred, it should be lined with silk and made entirely plain, with the exception of the front part, which is plaited in the shape of a plastron. To make the skirt look less plain it is sometimes caught up so as to form a sort of limp puffing round the waist; a bow of ribbon is placed at the side, at the waist line, and another below the puffing, with flowing ends. This model, however, does not suit all. Another style is the tunic, just draped at the side over the plaited skirt. The bodice is lengthened into a short drapery, caught up with a bow or passementerie agrafe; it looks more dressy and is more generally becoming than the mere plaited skirt without any drapery.

### A Lace Season.

Lace plays a conspicuous part just now, not only for trimming dresses, but also for flounces, hats and bonnets. When a bodice is cut out square or V shaped in front, a lace chemise is worn with it, or should the front be filled up with another material, a loose flitch with the crossed ends appearing under the opening is worn. Lace sleeves, either black or white, are characteristic for evening wear, and so is lace drapery. We must also name flounces and tablier trimmings made of costly point lace, or splendid imitation, with fine outlines of the pattern marked out with fine gold threads.

### Little Girls' Dresses.

The variety of styles in dresses for little girls this season affords a wide scope for choice, and insures attractive designs for all ages.



DRESSES FOR LITTLE GIRLS.

In the illustration are shown two exceedingly tasteful dresses. One is designed for a child from 5 to 7 years of age. This dress is of blue zephyr with a vest of white pique, trimmed with blue crepe zephyr and diamond shaped pearl buttons. The remaining dress is for a little girl from 8 to 10 years of age. In this the skirt is of red and blue striped, all wool material. The bodice is of blue, and the trimmings are of velvet, silk cord and buttons. The above models are from The Ladies' Journal.

### Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25c per box. For sale at H. G. DAY'S Drug Store.

**Pearls Before Swine.**  
There is a genuine case of pearls before swine at Merced, Cal. At that point the San Joaquin river is very low, and in many places the river bed and the bottom of the large sloughs are covered with fresh water mussels. Pearls of fair color are sometimes found in these bivalves. At present droves of hogs are eating the mussels, pearls and all. The pork of the pearl fed swine is not at all palatable. —Kansas City Times.

Italian astronomers place the age of the world at not less than 80,000,000 years, and are agreed that it has been peopled for about 80,000,000 years.

### BOSTON MARKET QUOTATIONS.

—BOSTON, May 1.

**Flour and Grain.**  
FLOUR—Michigan stone ground \$10.10 @ 10.40 per bbl.  
CORN—Steamer yellow 54c; mixed 53c; 1903-4. OATS—Choice 44c; clipped 43c. The above quotations are for car lots.

**Provisions.**  
PORK—Prime mess 81c; 75 @ 87.75; 5 @ 100; hams 12 1/2 @ 13 1/2.  
BEEF—Choice steers 95c; Wm. High 75c; BUTTER—Lam's 90c; for extra fair 3 1/2 @ 4.

**Farm Produce.**  
BUTTER—Western extra fresh made creamery 34c; 35c; fresh imitation choice 19 1/2 @ 20; Vermont dairy extra 20 1/2 @ 21.

**Eggs.**  
EGGS—Eastern extra 15c; 16c; 17c; 18c; 19c; 20c; 21c; 22c; 23c; 24c; 25c; 26c; 27c; 28c; 29c; 30c; 31c; 32c; 33c; 34c; 35c; 36c; 37c; 38c; 39c; 40c; 41c; 42c; 43c; 44c; 45c; 46c; 47c; 48c; 49c; 50c; 51c; 52c; 53c; 54c; 55c; 56c; 57c; 58c; 59c; 60c; 61c; 62c; 63c; 64c; 65c; 66c; 67c; 68c; 69c; 70c; 71c; 72c; 73c; 74c; 75c; 76c; 77c; 78c; 79c; 80c; 81c; 82c; 83c; 84c; 85c; 86c; 87c; 88c; 89c; 90c; 91c; 92c; 93c; 94c; 95c; 96c; 97c; 98c; 99c; 100c.

**Potatoes.**  
POTATOES—Vermont Rose 50c; 51c; 52c; 53c; 54c; 55c; 56c; 57c; 58c; 59c; 60c; 61c; 62c; 63c; 64c; 65c; 66c; 67c; 68c; 69c; 70c; 71c; 72c; 73c; 74c; 75c; 76c; 77c; 78c; 79c; 80c; 81c; 82c; 83c; 84c; 85c; 86c; 87c; 88c; 89c; 90c; 91c; 92c; 93c; 94c; 95c; 96c; 97c; 98c; 99c; 100c.

**Excitement in Texas.**

Great excitement has been caused in the vicinity of Paris, Tex., by the remarkable recovery of J. E. Corley, who was so helplessly ill that he could not turn in bed, or raise his head; everybody said he was dying of consumption. A trial bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery was sent him. Finding relief, he bought a large bottle and a box of Dr. King's New Life Pills; by the time he had taken two boxes of pills and two bottles of the Recovery, he was well and gained in flesh thirty-six pounds. Trial bottles of this Great Discovery for consumption free at H. G. DAY'S Drug Store.

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By Lyman Abbott and Rev. S. B. Halliday. Asst. pastor of Plymouth Church, and dedicated largely by Mr. Beecher himself, and received his aid and approval; the book contains contributions of personal reminiscences from over 50 prominent writers. This is the right book; don't be induced to get any other. Contains entire life of the great preacher. Agents wanted in every town. \$2.50 per copy. Agents receive 50% commission. FIVE SPECIAL TERMS AND FIVE FREIGHT CHARGES.

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